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# THE KOREA MISSION FIELD



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NAVAL OFFICER WITH KOREANS AT MASANPO.

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# THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

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# THE KOREA MISSION FIELD

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## EDITORIAL.

“THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM.”

When upon the cross Jesus bowed His head and cried “It is finished” the beholders supposed this meant that He was finished,—made an end of; whereas it really meant that the first act in the great seed sowing of the world was finished: “except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit.” Jesus had tried to teach His chosen ones but had been driven to parables and even then they only saw “men as trees walking.” When Jesus died these disciples were shocked into the consciousness that if earth held any highway of truth they had missed it,—had not even begun to travel in the right direction. When Jesus died their sun went down but gently then God’s stars stole out and prepared them for the morning of resurrection. Even so the scales were yet upon their eyes till through the second touch of Pentecost they saw all things clearly. Since then the Holy Spirit has gone on unrolling by unfolding the wondrous words of Christ, so that to-day He is a larger factor in the world than ever and to-morrow will be greater than to-day and so on till love and loyalty for Him shall fill the earth completely!

A mother dies and the broken hearted children mourn as those bereft of everything and forever. But mother lost and gone is discovered to be mother found, present, understood, appreciated and loved with an abandon which makes erstwhile wayward feet tractable; yes, eager to be led by her unseen hand thro the pearly gates into the city of light and love.

Dr. Horace Grant Underwood left us and with one accord this cosmopolitan city of Seoul tendered its best offerings of respect and affection. Ours were all unworthy wreaths; we would fain have done better, but they were our best. Now comes from far off New York a most worthy tribute, the first in the present issue of the “KOREA MISSION FIELD” written by one of the foremost Christian statesmen of our time. These all are feeble compared with other memorials which shall follow later; which also shall pale in presence of the vindication of this life and its principles which the coming years shall bring, for the principles which inspire and energize a great personality must have scope of time and range of influence to vindicate their Christlike quality. The thing that we contemporaries saw was the palimpsest venter which overlaid the vital palpitating character. The former removed, thro death, unveils the latter and we know that we have come into our sacred inheritance of one another: no longer as in a mirror darkly, nor yet as face to face in water, but heart to heart and that increasingly and forever!

The touchstone  
of spirituality.

The most helpful preacher to whom I ever listened once said to me, "As a student I had a great desire to graduate from Yale or Harvard for the prestige it would contribute but lack of funds forbade; but when I launched out on life I very soon found that people never asked 'where did you hail from,' but 'what can you do?'" We read that the Benjaminites could sling stones "at a hair breadth and not miss." This was not because of the target, the missiles or of the sling, but because of the practiced eye and hand and nerve of the man behind the sling. Hitting the mark was the proof of his skill!

The finest of the fine arts is the personal winning of souls to Jesus Christ. To be eminent here is a demonstration of spirituality of a high order. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever"; necessarily so for the reason that they *are* "shiners," and have been from away back. The late H. Clay Trumbull, soon after his conversion, was shocked to discover how paltry were the efforts of Christians in personal work and, as a consequence, he covenanted with God to let no fit opportunity for such work escape him. That as often as he should find himself alone with another, and it was proper for him to introduce a topic of conversation, he would speak to the individual concerning his spiritual welfare. Late in life Dr. Trumbull averred that he had steadfastly kept his pledge, with the result, as he believed, that so doing he had accomplished more for Christ's Kingdom than he had thro the writing of many books, the preaching of thousands of sermons, the founding and publishing of the Sunday School Times, etc., etc. We have good reason for believing that Dr. Trumbull was an eminently spiritual man. It must have been so, inasmuch as no man, unattended by the Holy Spirit, dares to invade the sacred precincts of a human personality. It would be arrant madness to attempt it. If one did do so once, he would learn better than to attempt it a second time! Like Dr. Trumbull, to make it the constant habit of one's life is tantamount to walking with God by abiding in Him; "dwelling in the secret place of the tabernacle of the Almighty."

As usual with sacredest things, we here also twist and distort by contemplating "personal work" as a duty, perhaps a drudgery; whereas it is the sacredest of privileges, not alone because of the quickening it secures to others but also by the reinforcement of ourselves thro closer union with the Master Who hereby renews our strength more than in any other way causing us to mount up "with wings as eagles."

We are glad that Dr. McCune, in our second article, has so ably treated this vital subject.

## THE REV. HORACE GRANT UNDERWOOD, D.D., LL.D.

BY

ARTHUR J. BROWN.

In the death of the Rev. Horace Grant Underwood, D.D., LL.D., October 12th, 1916, one of the great missionaries of the modern Church passed to his reward. An adequate discussion of the large aspects of his life and work would require a volume, which we hope will be prepared in due time by Mrs. Underwood who above anyone else unites the literary qualifications to the required knowledge and sympathy. Here we can indicate only a brief outline of the essential facts.

Horace Underwood was born in London, England, July 19, 1859, and when a boy of thirteen came to this country with his father, a manufacturing chemist who established himself in New York, the family home being in the suburb of Upper Durham, New Jersey. Here Horace confessed Christ and united with the Reformed Church of the village. After a preparatory course at Hasbrook Institute in Jersey City, he entered New York University. He was graduated there in 1881 and at the Theological Seminary in New Brunswick, New Jersey, in 1884. In the latter year, he was ordained to the ministry by the Classis of the Reformed Church and for a time he ministered to the congregation of that communion at Pompton, New Jersey. His purpose, however, was to preach the Gospel on the foreign field, and when he heard that the Presbyterian Board desired a man for Korea, he promptly offered himself. The Board gladly appointed him July 28, 1884, and he arrived in Korea, April 5, 1885. The only missionaries who had preceded him were Horace N. Allen, M.D. and Mrs. Allen and they had encountered so much suspicion and opposition that they would have found it difficult to remain if the American Minister had not appointed Dr. Allen as physician to the Legation. Congenial companionships were few in those early days. Foreign-built houses did not exist. Sanitary conditions were indescribable. The conveniences to which Americans are accustomed were unknown and mails were infrequent, so that the pioneer missionaries were in a situation of peculiar loneliness, isolation and trial.

But the young missionary began his work with resolution and an ungrudging willingness to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He was first in various ways. He was the first ordained missionary to Korea. He baptized the first convert in 1886. He opened the first school, also, in 1886, "The Jesus Doctrine School" it was called. He organized the first church in September, 1887. He administered the first Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in his own house, on Christmas Day of that year, only seven communicants being present. In the same year he made the first of those long itinerating tours into the interior which, continued by him and his successors, spread the knowledge of the Gospel far and wide in Korea and resulted in groups



of believers in hundreds of towns and villages. He began the first literary work of Christian missions in Korea and in 1889 published the first of the long list of volumes with which he and other missionaries have enriched the literature of missions. And he was the first to open the Scriptures in written form to the Koreans, his translation of the Gospel of St. Mark in 1887 first making the Word of God accessible to the people.

But for a long time the progress of the work was painfully slow and it would have been discouraging to less resolute spirits. After ten years of indefatigable labor on the part of Dr. Underwood and the few missionaries of our own and the Methodist Board who during that period had joined the little band, there were only one hundred and forty-one Christians in the whole country.

The tide turned in 1895 when the missionaries in Pyeng Yang displayed such conspicuous fidelity, courage and devotion after the battle of Pyeng Yang in the China-Japan War and the missionaries in Seoul manifested equally conspicuous courage and devotion in dealing with an epidemic of cholera. They toiled unceasingly for the sick and dying, performing offices from which the bravest Koreans shrank and exposing themselves without thought of personal danger. Their skillful treatment of the sick saved hundreds of lives. "All these recoveries," says Mrs. Underwood in her book, "made no little stir in the city. Proclamations were posted on the walls telling people there was no need for them to die when they might go to the Christian hospital and live. People who watched missionaries working over the sick night after night said to each other: 'How these foreigners love us! Would we do as much for one of our own kin as they do for strangers?' Some men who saw Dr. Underwood hurrying along the road in the gray twilight of a summer morning remarked: 'There goes the Jesus man; he works all night and all day with the sick without resting.' 'Why does he do it?' said another. 'Because he loves us,' was the reply. What sweeter reward could be had than that the people should see the Lord in our service.

From that time, the work made rapid progress. All the world now knows how remarkable the development has been until Korea has become one of the most extraordinarily fruitful of missionary fields. In all this development, Dr. Underwood was a prominent and influential factor from the beginning. The variety and scope of his activities are indicated by the following list of positions that he held at various times: Teacher of chemistry and physics in the Royal Medical College, Chairman of the Union Board of Bible Translators, Treasurer of the Mission, Chairman of the Mission, Secretary of the Korean Religious Tract Society, Chairman of the Korean Educational Federation, President of the Korean Religious Tract Society, Professor of theology in the Theological Seminary, Principal of the John D. Wells Training School for Christian Workers, and President of the Seoul Christian College. Many-sided as were his labors and faithful and efficient as he was in all, he rejoiced most in his evangelistic work. He preached the Gospel not only



in the city of Seoul where he resided but also among the many villages of the adjacent region. A district of diocesan proportions was under his care and he did in it the work of an apostle—holding meetings, baptising converts, conducting Bible conferences, organizing groups and churches, ordaining elders, settling disputes and counselling leaders. He often walked upon these tours, slept in the wretched Korean huts or inns, and exposed himself freely to physical hardships from which many a man would have shrunk.

He was active, too, as a translator and author. He published an English-Korean Dictionary in 1889, a Korean Grammar in the same year; *The Call of Korea* in 1908, *The Religions of Eastern Asia* in 1910, and an *Introduction to the Korean Spoken Language* in 1915.

He had extraordinary influence with high officials and members of the Royal Family, including the Emperor himself who often consulted him, and sent him a valuable pearl ring as a wedding present. When the Queen was assassinated in 1895, the Emperor, fearing for his own life, turned to Dr. Underwood and two other Americans, and at the Royal request they spent the night with him in his private chamber. Along toward morning, the exhausted monarch nestled close to Dr. Underwood and dropped to sleep upon the missionary's shoulder. After the annexation of Korea by the Japanese, the Japanese officials were for a time somewhat suspicious of him in view of his known intimacy with the Royal Family and his sympathies with the frightened people; but they soon came to learn and to value the high quality and absolute trustworthiness of the man, and when he left Korea for the last time, the authorities showed him marked honor.

In America, Dr. Underwood was one of the most popular and influential of missionaries. Whenever he was known to be on furlough, he was almost overwhelmed by invitations to speak. He was the chairman of the deputation of missionaries appointed by the Board to conduct the *Korea Propaganda* of 1907. He labored with splendid zeal and success in awakening the Church to a realization of the urgent needs of Korea and in providing additional reinforcements and appropriations, and to him is due no small part of the credit for the splendid success of that campaign.

Honors were showered upon this eminent missionary. On the field, he held at one time or another every office within the gift of his Mission and the Korean Church. A striking evidence of the high esteem in which he was held was given on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his wedding. March 13th, 1889, he had married Miss Lillian S. Horton, who had gone to Korea as a medical missionary of the Presbyterian Board in 1888 and who became his inseparable and invaluable help-meet in all his subsequent life and work. March 13th, 1914, nearly all the notable men and women of Korea's capital called to tender their congratulations—members of the consular corps, Japanese officials, Korean nobles, missionaries and Korean Christians of all communions, and faculties and student deputations of schools, while the tables were loaded with presents.

At home the great services of Dr. Underwood were generally recognized. He was a lecturer upon the Stone Foundation at Princeton Theological Seminary in 1908, and on the Deem's Philosophical Foundation at New York University in 1909. He was made a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, and New York University conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1890 and of Doctor of Laws in 1912. He was a man of conspicuous ability and force of character. His convictions were intense and his temperament enthusiastic, but his spirit was catholic and his vision broad. He took far-sighted views of what the best interests of the cause of Christ required and he labored with unflagging zeal for their realization. He was once offered the vice-presidency of a great corporation in America with a salary princely in comparison with that which he received as a foreign missionary; but he felt that his life was consecrated to the missionary enterprise in Korea and he unhesitatingly declined the offer.

His last illness was long and trying. When it became evident that recovery could not be expected in the field, he returned to America in April, 1916. Everything possible was done for his relief, but his strength continued to fail. A Christian faith and character already strong became wonderfully tender and beautiful as the end approached. Death had no terrors for him, and Thursday evening October 12th, he quietly fell on sleep at Atlantic City, New Jersey, whither he had been taken three weeks before in the hope that the sea air would benefit him.

It is hard to think that such a man has been taken from earth at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven when his intellectual powers were at their height. Cables from the field expressed the grief of his fellow missionaries, and of the Koreans for whom he had done so much and who gave him their love in unstinted measure. He manifestly walked with God before men, attempting great things for God and expecting and receiving them. He will live in the history of Christianity as one of the founders and builders of the Church in Korea.

Dr. Underwood was among the last of the pioneer missionaries. Hardly any non-Christian land now remains to be opened. Very few missionaries are left of those who went to the great mission fields in the days of beginnings, and they are rapidly passing from our sight. There were no foundations laid, no translations or apparatus of any kind prepared for them to make their work easier. They had to do everything for themselves in circumstances of great difficulty. That they builded well the strength and proportions of the rising churches abundantly prove. It is for those who have come after them and who are called of God to carry on their work, to show like faith and devotion, and to pray that a double portion of their spirit may rest upon us to the end that the good work so well begun may be performed "until the day of Jesus Christ."

## ACTIVITY IN WITNESSING.

In order to health one must breathe, eat and exercise.

“Prayer is the Christian’s vital breath,  
The Christian’s native air—”

God’s Word is the Christian’s food,—“Take the little book and eat it up;” but Witnessing is the Christian’s exercise, without which food is worse than useless, inducing indigestion!

Ruskin says “The first thing an artist must learn is where to sit down.” In mountain climbing while every promontory offers a view, there is only one supreme spot which commands all the views of the glorious spectacle. So with our subject we would discover first of all the supreme viewpoint which commands the vision practical, the method for hastening and bringing in His blessed kingdom. We find the pivotal point in the *evangel*. This is more than the Good News; it is the message incarnated, the good news plus the messenger. John on Patmos saw an angel flying in the midst of heaven having the everlasting Gospel. The *evangel* is the Gospel with an angel in it: the good news with a man to bear it, the two inseparable because coëssentiated, so that the messenger *is* the message! In this we are like Jesus who came to serve, that through service He might save, for the motto now much in vogue in the home-land “Saved to serve” can be improved upon by this other, “Saved to save”!

The point is made clear by the early disciples of the Master. They bore the Gospel forth, not in their hands, for they had no books, they bore it in their lives; in themselves, in the very warp and woof of their being. Paul speaks of himself as “A man in Christ.” Again, “Christ liveth in me;” the very power of the Infinite which raised Jesus from the dead works in me a feeble man, to save men! The New Testament has little to say of the Imitation of Christ, but it has a great deal to say of the indwelling of Christ. Less emphasis on imitation and more on incarnation I am persuaded will give us more of dynamics and less of mechanics in soul-winning. Not what would Jesus do if He were here as once he was in the flesh, but what does Jesus wish to do in *my* flesh and mind and spirit who am His follower right here and now? That is the supreme question! The former question is beside the mark while the latter hits the mark through a Christ conquered personality. Personality instinct with Christ explains Pentecost. The Gospel needs a gracious atmosphere. The sinner is clad in a cloak of indifference but under a warm, melting Christ love, off comes and away goes the cloak for the sinner yields to the wooing constraint. There should be warmth enough in the heart of the evangelist, in you and in me, to melt the ice in any heart. Oliver Cromwell once entered a cathedral and pointing to certain silver images of the Apostles commanded “Take those images down and melt and send them about their business of preaching the Gospel!” Those who figure in many churches as officials, coldly representing God, need to be touched, melted down and set aflame with zeal for the Kingdom!



As missionaries we make the round of our churches, examine the roll of the baptized, commending or approving; then the roll of catechumens, encouraging some and baptizing others. We examine the finances, we hold, finally, a service of communion late at night, and hastily seek out and try to comfort some troubled ones and are up and away in the morning to reach another appointment and to repeat the hasty process. Are we quite sure there were not some strong non-Christian men whom we should see and labor with regarding their personal salvation? Who so well as the missionary can do this vital work? If we say "How thro' lack of time can we possibly find a way"? Has love ever yet failed to find a way to do the thing God wanted to have done? Jesus was very busy, but that night spent apart with Andrew and John figured large in the foundations of His kingdom. Lack of heart warmth in ourselves, due to a starved spiritual life, may be the one thing that hinders full orb'd success.

We are in too big a hurry if as we go we cannot preach and preach earnestly; "preach a crucified Christ in a crucified way." The time is short and we should work. We have more trained Korean workers than ever before. Standing still means stagnation. It means defeat. Let us get a vision of ourselves in the four aspects as Paul presents them in I Cor. IV: 3, 4.

(1) First see yourself, the witness, as your friend sees you, your fellow missionary, it may be. "Oh wad the power the gift to gee us—" Your friend knows your faults and you will be a better witness for Christ if you listen to his suggestions.

(2) Contemplate yourself, the witnesser, as the world estimates you. An ignorant Korean woman in Syen Chun, as she goes about among the heathen in the country zealously witnessing, elicits their estimate of her when they murmur as she approaches, "there comes Jesus."

(3) Behold the witnesser as you yourself see yourself. You know you are full of excuses for yourself for not doing more.

(4) Contemplate yourself, the witnesser, as our Lord estimates you. God knows. His is a just estimate of you as a witnesser. What least things you do in My name to these least, is done to Me. Once during revival meetings a Korean came to me and said, "Yun Moksa, some of the missionaries rarely go to Korean church services. We know they have children and have excuses but our weaker Christians are making excuses; please say something to them about it." We can witness by attending church services and giving our greetings Sunday by Sunday.

We need a fresh vision of the transcendent realities of the conditions which we face. To the steamer which bore us westward across the Pacific, when returning from furlough, came the wireless, "The steamship *Shirley* caught fire three days out from Yokohama. Seventeen lives in a small boat are lost; make every effort to save them"! Immediately passengers and crew were alert with straining gaze sweeping the waste of waters in search for that small boat. Eager excitement prevailed among all to save those seventeen from the angry waters.



Darkness came down bringing a sleepless night to many of the 1,400 passengers of our steamer, *Mongolia*. The next day found all on the anxious lookout while the great ship ran out of her course fifty miles northward and then fifty miles south westward plunging again into and through another yet more anxious night. At 10.30 the next morning a messenger boy rushed from the wireless office down the deck crying out "Found! found! safely landed in a harbor near Yokohama"! Oh! the rejoicing of that hour! May God's "wireless" to us, arouse adequate anxiety for the perishing millions, which shall insure such witnessing for the Master as may claim His promise "I if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto Me."

GEORGE S. McCUNE.

## AN ORIENTAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

BY PERMISSION OF JOHN BUNYAN TO CHAI RYUNG  
STATION.

As I walked through the Wilderness of Annual Reports and saw that one more must needs be added to those already cumbering the earth, my heart sank within me and I fell to the ground, covering my face with my hands, in despair for myself who must write it, and in pity for those who should feel constrained to read yet another one. And so it was that I fell asleep, musing on the matter, and as I slept, I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed that I was in the Land of Morning Calm; but far from peaceful were the countenances of men. There, stalking through the town, were Anger, and Drunkenness, and Licentiousness, and Sloth, and Indifference, and Hate; and dark were their looks and their ways. Indeed, it were not too much to say that Beelzebub himself was the chief lord of the place, and no houses were shut to him. In fact, one in three of them took especial delight in dispensing to his slaves, as often as they did bring their coin, the liquor which sent them forth reeling—a disgrace to the fair name of man.

But as I beheld all this and shrank from the horror thereof, there did appear before mine eyes veritable holy pilgrims come from far. One of them must indeed have come over the seas, for his garments—strange of cut and dark of hue—were in sharp contrast to the lighter garb of those accompanying him. Foreign Evangelist he would seem to be, as there could be no doubt of his difference in nationality or of the purpose of his coming with such a band as that. "What," thought I, "would they fain cast the pearls of their discourse before swine?" But such proved not to be their exact intent. By diligent searchings from house to house by day they sought out some few who were minded to hear holy words, and with song and prayer at night they held concourse for such of them as sought, however blindly, the way of life. What it might

be they knew not, yet had they tried in vain the worship of Fiends, the lore of Confucius, and the rites of Buddha; and true peace was still far from their hearts.

With no uncertain sound did the words of this band ring out, denouncing all that was vile, and calling on those who had a mind to be saved to come forth and serve the Lord. Not many were the decisions that night, but as the days passed by I beheld how that all the people in the town were moved, and the town itself as it were in a hubbub about them, and that for several reasons: their talk was strange, their actions pure, their forbearance wonderful. The people of the town, therefore, made a great gazing upon them; some said they were fools, some they were bedlams, and some they were outlandish men.

As the close of the week drew on apace, I did note how one night after the others were gone, a man clothed in unkempt garments did linger, and after the last word of parting "Go and sleep in peace" had been given to the rest, he turned himself about and said,—“Sir, how can I be at peace, when my soul is torn with such conflict?” Thus did he break his mind to Evangelist, beseeching that he would tell him where he could find further help for body and soul, being in a sick plight. He was a pitiful sight, truly, and hard had one's heart been indeed to deny help to such as he. So it befell that he joined himself to the company as they journeyed back to the City of Help,\* whence they had come out. And as they traveled the road together, they made much talk concerning the Way of Life.

At length they came to a pleasant place on the top of a hill very close to the city. Here were there wonders to behold: men ministering to their fellow men in physical need, and dispensing also the medicine that would cure their soul. With pardonable pride did I see the Master of the place show them into the well-heated rooms, where many waited their turn. Formerly had no such conditions prevailed, till at length from a country of United States had money been sent to the end that the rooms be enlarged, and all comforts of warmth and good cheer be provided for those who were seeking relief from their pain. But they idled not in vain in those ample quarters, for a Preacher passed among them, inquiring their needs and asking if they did know the Lord of Life. No ordinary man was he, but one whom Experience had dealt with unsparingly,—a man of true power, and not unacquainted with men. Having been called hither from distant fields of labor, where the price of souls was high and believers sadly few, he understood how most wisely to approach all these waiting ones to whom he proffered the Gospel of Christ; yet particularly did he excel in making known to those professing belief through his words how they should conduct themselves upon return to their heathen kinsmen and neighbours to take up life close-set with vice and scoffings of erstwhile friends; and in commending them to the care of the Christians thereabouts.

Now I saw in my dream that by this time Would-be Believer was

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\* Chairyung.



summoned inside, and when he did come out there was grateful joy on his face, for he felt he was sure to be healed of his infirmity. And so it was that during his stay in that place, his feeble gropings after faith were heeded and answered, and he learned to know the Lord of Power, to Whom he gave thanks for deliverance from the double bondage of sin and sickness.

Then I beheld how that he returned to his native town, and took up life as before, and yet far different was it. A few there were who still bore in mind the words of Foreign Evangelist, which were constantly brought again to their thoughts by the weekly visiting and service holding of Helper. With these he consorted, and together grew they strong, till a true little church was formed.

Then befell a grievous day, when Foreign Evangelist, in making his rounds, arrived at the place and questioned Believer at some length of his children. One, it seemed, was betrothed to a heathen boy, both parties being as yet but small babes, so to speak. Poor Believer, in receipt of the purchase money for his daughter's sale, and having made use of all thereof already, was somewhat to a stand, hearing that he must choose twixt such deeds and the church. Although words passed on both sides, he refused to retract the betrothal pledge, and by reason of such pride and stubbornness did he go under discipline of the church, being barred from the Table of the Lord, until such time as he should repent and turn again from his sin.

And I beheld that after many sad months had passed, how he knew himself to be in the wrong, and threw himself on the mercy of God, if haply he might find peace to his soul. Nor was it an easy affair to make matters right again. Consent to the breaking of so binding a contract could only be gained by returning more money than had been received. But now did he count all but loss—ox, house and fields—for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. And so was fetched from him a fruit of the honesty of his heart, and he was restored to his place.

Now you must note that not Believer alone but his whole house had set out to seek the City whose builder and maker is God. And the good wife, hearing tell that some such as she, unlettered and ignorant though they be, might receive counsels a-many in the City of Help, was minded to go up thither, if so be that she too might join herself to those who were bending their minds to the study of God's Holy Word. Yet, how bring it to pass she knew not. No money for journeys remained to them now, for had they not bought back their daughter? But one thing I could not let slip: how that they continued very much in prayer, to the end that the way might open before her.

And not many weeks after, I did mark how there was a stir in the place, and much talk made among the church women, for word had it that there was a house in the City of Help, built expressly for such as themselves, where, if they but brought their own rice, they could enter and live during study days. Glad news, indeed, and in accordance with such did they behave right willingly. When next the summons came for

the country-side women folk to drop family cares and come together for a week of profitable days, Believer did urge upon Good-wife that she entrust the sweet babes to his charge and set out on the morrow. Early in the morn I did see her, with one other, starting forth with strange objects upon their heads. On closer inspection they did prove to be bags of rice, sufficient to last each a week; but scarce felt they the heaviness of the load, so light were their hearts with hope.

But many there were among those they met, who scoffed at their intent and sore discouraged them, saying the road was long and grievous hard. And so they found it, for as evening came, being on a pathway exceedingly narrow, they were the more put to it; for when they sought to shun the ditch on the one hand they were ready to tip over into the mire on the other; also when they sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness, they would be ready to fall into the ditch. But coming at length to a small and miserable inn, they entered and abode there the night.

When the morning brake I saw that they were within sight of the city, and no mean welcome did they receive there: warm water for their tired feet, bowls of hot soup and rice, and entrance to the house of their hopes, called Dormitory. All these were dispensed by the kind hand of one Daughter of God.\*

What a sight met their eyes that night, after preparing and partaking of their evening meal, as they joined themselves to the crowd toiling up to the worship house, on an eminence plainly to be seen from all parts of the city. Hundreds of women assembled to raise their voices in song and praise, and great was the volume thereof as all brake into prayer together, each voicing her own needs to the Lord in her own words, unmindful of those all about her. The sound rose and fell in cadences sweet, till it finally died away amid sobs and tears.

So for seven days did Good-wife experience rich joys in the classes by day and meeting by night, where she met with the foreign evangelists' wives, and other daughters of God whose whole lives were devoted to teaching His word. And I saw how that on the last day they did bid Good-wife and the rest come into their homes if they would, to gaze upon all that they held,—many objects indeed passing strange to eyes unaccustomed to see them. Then did it appear that one house was quite closed, as the owners<sup>1</sup> thereof must needs go for the year to a different place, for the purpose of their young children's schooling. And one more house proved to be only half filled, the other co-worker, in need of freshening for body and spirit, having retired herself to her native land for the space of a year. Then did I also perceive that one man was sore busy with moneys and books, the meaning of which none could know like himself. There was also talk made how that one of the number had been borne down even nigh unto death, but the good Lord Himself, through the prayers of His saints, had restored her once more to a measure of health and strength and usefulness.

\* Miss McKee.



In one house,<sup>5</sup> forsooth, was a comely child, whose fair hair called forth much talk and no small speculation, for how, they wondered, could one so young have locks so venerably light. Then were they led into another house<sup>6</sup> where they saw children of varying ages, bent over their daily school tasks. These were conducted by the mothers themselves, in a tongue strange to Oriental ears; yet much progress they seemed to have made, if one could judge but by the sight.

Then I saw when these special delights were quite o'er how the next day Good-wife did set out on the road, and ere two full days had elapsed was even nearing her own once more. There she spake with Believer of all she had perceived and learned, and of the hope she cherished of proving herself a more excellent mother and housewife because of what she had both seen and heard.

Longing as they did that their children, too, might be drawn forth from ignorant ways and receive Christian graces in school, they called upon those like-minded with themselves and collected some few sacks of rice. But for aught they could see they were no more near their desire than before; till at length there was found a teacher of high and holy purpose, content with this wage which he turned into both food and clothing as best that he could. So the school was begun in sacrifice and prayer, and as I saw these things and the great faith of Believer and Good-wife, I knew them to be started aright on the life that is life indeed.

Then I woke and behold it was a dream, but right glad is my heart unto God that He sent it.

#### CONCLUSION.

Now, reader, you have read my dream at last,  
Perhaps rejoiced to know that duty past;  
Yet think not to have won exemption quite  
From future such, which others' hands may write.

While Boards do last and Missions meet their will,  
The church at home must aye be plaguéd still.  
One single year now draws nigh to an end,  
But who relief from more reports can send?

MRS. W. C. KERR.

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1 Mr. and Mrs. Sharp. 5 Mr. and Mrs. Kerr's. 6 Mr. and Mrs. Hunt's.

## KOREAN WOMEN WORKERS.

This afternoon, our Women's Evangelistic Society met for the first time since the summer vacation. There is much sickness about and several of our regular members were away; but we numbered twenty, all baptised Christians and catechumens, except one, a very old woman of 70, with thin, wrinkled face, and bright, birdlike eyes. After attending church for a short time, she had dropped away and one of our old Christians whom we call "The Laughing Grandmother," had persuaded her to come again, saying that when she knew a little more about Jesus, she would always want to attend the meetings. We had sung and prayed and studied part of the last chapter of St. John's Gospel, and then Yun Maruta, our Biblewoman who is supported by the British and Foreign Bible Society, told us how she first went to church. She said, "My son, Noma's father, was the first to believe. He became a Christian in Hawaii, and he returned bringing his books with him some little time before Dr. and Mrs. Currell first came to Chinju. I scolded him and burnt his books many times, because I thought it was the Roman Catholic doctrine, and you know there were many Roman Catholics put to death in Korea some years back. At that time too they were scorned and persecuted by everyone." Many heads nodded assent to this and she continued, "But no matter how I scolded, he just continued reading his books and after Dr. Currell came, he attended all the services. So at last I felt a longing to go and see for myself what it was like. I was ashamed to tell my son, so I went alone one night. They met in that little building in the city. I couldn't understand much of the preaching, but after it was all over, the 'pu-in' spoke to me such loving words, and gave me a Gospel, and I wanted to go again. When I reached home I told my son, and asked him to explain it all to me, and he showed me a picture of Jesus on the cross—I still have that picture at home. I kept asking, 'But why did they nail Him there?' My son replied, 'You have that book, and you can read, so read it for yourself.' When I commenced, I did not want to stop. I could not understand it all, but I read the 28 chapters, and then wanted to be taught the meaning. The 'pu-in' taught me, and then because I could read, I became a Biblewoman, and here I am." The infectious laugh which so often cheered me when I was with her in the country, pealed out, but then her lined, old face saddened, and the tears came as she continued, "Then my son who first preached to me and whom I persecuted, lost his position, and you all know how it has been since. He became discouraged, and as he cannot get any other position and must earn something for his family; he does not come to church." "Must he work on Sunday?" I asked. "Why, yes," she replied, "more than on any day. Those official secretaries are busiest on Sunday." "Could he not attend at night?" I asked again. "He is ashamed to do so," she answered. "He prays before eating, and sometimes reads his Bible and prays with his family, but he will not attend church. I often asked him, "How can I go to Heaven when I cannot lead my own family to

church? and he tells me not to worry, that we shall be alright in the end. I am ashamed to be a Biblewoman when I cannot lead my own children to repentance—yet I pray for them night and day.” We assured her that our prayers would join hers, and then a younger woman told how she became a Christian. Her husband was attending the services at Su-am where they lived. He brought her home a hymnbook, and ordered her to go to church, learn to read and to become a Christian. She was afraid of him, so obeyed and went to church, but all the time she thought the people there had lost their senses to be acting and speaking as they did. She could make nothing of it, and after a time, when her husband who was a good-for-nothing, left her and her two little ones, she decided to have nothing more to do with this new religion. About two years later, a neighbour told her a missionary was to visit Su-am and hold a class there; and suddenly she was filled with a desire to attend that class and to learn to read well. So she made inquiries, and was advised to begin studying at once so that she might get more good out of the classes. The friend helped her to read a hymn, and she found the words so beautiful that she studied them all night. Soon the rumor that she too was mad was circulated. “For,” she said, “once I began to read and study and hear; it was all so beautiful and so intensely interesting that I was overflowing with zeal. How I enjoyed those classes! Though I have had downfalls since then, I now want more than ever to know God’s Word, and to lead others to Him.” Turning to the little old lady, she said, “Grandmother, do you believe on Jesus? Do you know who He is?” Grandmother looked at her with those birdlike eyes, and solemnly answered, “I am just 71 years old.” Our Laughing Grandmother smiled and said, “She is very deaf. Speak out loud.” Our friend said, “I shall speak to her afterward,” after deciding to meet again on Saturday when we shall go out visiting absentees and preaching to unbelievers, we closed our meeting. As I said goodbye to these women and thought of the stories they and other Christians could tell of the special ways in which they had been led to the Saviour, I realised anew the wondrous love and power of God’s Spirit, and that same Holy Spirit will be with us next Saturday and always, even unto the end.

N. R. SHOLES.

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## “SOMEWHERE IN KOREA.”

### III.

Amusing things happen almost every day of which we are entirely insensible, the reason being because the joke is on us, and sometimes seems quite serious. I make it a rule never to meddle in anyone’s affairs, having all I can do to study with my teacher and keep him awake, but it did seem a pity that Miss Five-Years’ nasturtiums should all stop blooming while she was away for lack of the picking, so in passing one day I called one of the little girls she has to help in her



house, and told her (the little girl) in the best Korean I knew to pick the flowers, every one. Somebody's said that you can never get a Korean to do anything unless you give all the reasons; that may be true when you want a thing *done*, but never put your trust in it otherwise. An hour or two after my command to the little girl, I was interrupted in my teacher's nap while I was going over "Gale's Forms" by a commotion over at Miss F-Y's, and ran over to learn some practical Korean, for somebody was using it to good advantage, to judge from the sound. But what struck my sight was worse—every nasturtium was pulled up by the roots! F-Y's cook was the one whom I had heard, and the victim of her remarks was the little girl, but when I came up she turned to me. Well, I couldn't make out what she was trying to say, and much to my disgust she called Three-Years. Through his uncalled for interference I became aware that I had told the girl to pull *up* the flowers instead of to pull them *off*; however it wasn't so very much of a mistake and T-Y didn't need to laugh so heartily. I knew how to tell the youngster to plant them back (which was more than most knew at my age), and by dint of personal supervision and watering the rest of the summer a few of the plants lived, and then, anyway, when Miss F-Y came back she had the plot dug up for other flowers.

I send my teacher to the bank for me at various times, and also have him get some little things for me now and again. I told him to get me five *yen* in ten *sen* pieces, and also buy me one *yen's* worth of the *sen* stamps, using words that he had taught me himself, and being very explicit. I also told him to mail a package containing some large pictures (*sachin*), and asked him to hurry back as I wanted to get in an extra heavy day's study. One, two, three hours went by, and he arrived. I wished he had taught me some "yok" for I wanted to call him down, for staying so long, but even as I wanted to call him down for that he pulled out of his pocket a string of stamps a yard long, more or less, and laid back on the table my package of pictures. I gasped! He wanted to call in an interpreter, but I laid violent hands upon him, and made him explain himself to me alone. If I had told him that I was thinking of starting up a post-office and had commanded him to provide stock accordingly, I did not care that any of my elders should know it. Well, he pulled out the dictionary and we started. He pointed to the package, so I knew that was the object of his first remarks. He kept saying, "Sachun anio" (*not four sen*, though I thought he was saying "sachin" and questioning my veracity) and finally by the sign-dictionary language he made it clear to me that he had been spending the morning trying to make the various post-offices take my bundle of pictures for four *sen* postage, for he thought I had said "sachun" (four *sen*) instead of "sachin." I let that go, I could mail the pictures sometime myself, but I turned to the large and oppressive roll of stamps. He counted them out to me and seemed to think the matter settled; there were five *yen's* worth of them! But I reflected that I couldn't afford to waste any more time, for it was evident that he had done what I told him, or thought he had—which amounted to the same thing—so I let the matter



drop. Perhaps he thought I wanted to lay in a good supply of stamps lest they should go up.

There may be easier ways to kill a cat than by choking it with butter, but trust a Korean to choose a harder way every time. My cook is an excellent servant as Koreans go, but she was born and raised in the East, and the fact cannot help but come out. Once when we had company I wanted apple dumplings for dessert. The idea was new to her, but with a great deal of diligence and patience I thought I had succeeded in teaching her the recipe, so I went about other work. When I came back later I found the fire started earlier than usual, and even as I came in the cook was taking something out of the oven, which proved upon investigation to be a part of my dessert. I asked what the matter was, and the woman said, "Nothing, it's become all right. Now I am going to put the apples in." She had cooked the pastry alone! Well, I called her down, or tried to, asked her why she was making the two separately, and why she hadn't cooked them both at the same time anyway. "Why, you didn't tell to cook them together. How could you do that all at once?"

And one other time she was canning fruit and boiled the jars after putting the tops on, but with great good fortune she escaped with one deep cut above her eye from the top flying off and hitting her, and a grunt of disbelief when I told her that the water expanded when it became steam and caused the trouble. Someone asked me how I told her all that, but never mind, there are more ways of speaking Korean than one, and if you can't use your hands what are they good for?

Did you ever see a Korean butcher a cow? I never did, nor do I care to, but I have become thoroughly convinced that they must cut her up first and then kill her the last thing they do. They always go backwards, and how else can you explain the gnarls and twists in the beefsteak they sell? However that may be, the Koreans are awkward with foreign tools, and will choose a little short hoe, or a little stubby broom in preference to ours any time—they seem to enjoy getting down close to their work. It does one good to show them real skill sometimes. Mrs. Seven-Years was having a desk moved from one room into another, and as the door was too small to admit the desk she called on me for assistance. The poor Koreans had given it up, said it was impossible, and I was itching to show off, now I had the chance. I saw that by taking off the top and turning the lower part on its side the opening was wide enough, so I gave orders accordingly. We tried, but it wouldn't go. Then they turned it up and I measured, and the measurements said, it will go. So again I tried, and again—But just then S-Y came home, and he laughed. The rollers needed to be taken off too! Of course I would have seen that in a minute, but someone was always butting in.

I am noted as a good buyer, at least I was so, and am one yet whether it's known or not, but even the Jews cannot get ahead of a Chinaman, and sometimes a Westerner meets his match in a Korean. Having run out of charcoal I bought a sack from a huckster who came

to the door. It was put in the cellar, and used as needed. In a few days my outside man called me to look; in the middle of the sack there was a nice big wad of brush. Well, the next time a new man came with the charcoal, and I guess he knew what would happen; I made him dump the sack out. He threw the empty sack aside on the floor, for it all goes together. The next day I had occasion to do some work in the cellar and picked up the empty sack. I was surprised to note that it bulged at the bottom, and naturally took a look in. Pine brush occupied five or six inches of the bottom! Well, charcoal isn't economical, anyway, and I had already decided not to use it any longer. If I had not I would have gotten ahead of those fellows yet.

I hope I may not lose my reputation for veracity, but one has to be a little imaginative and not question too much "why the Katzenjammer kids don't grow up." And then if possible I believe it does pay to have a sense of humor—and it isn't very hard when the joke's on the other fellow. Perhaps someone may want to write up the jokes on me some day, and they have my permission to do so—if there are any.

"N.-Y.-F.," Korea.

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## THE JOY OF COMING HOME.

There is a poem by the above title which came to my attention just before we left Korea last year and which has been in my thoughts many times since we have returned from furlough. For it seems to me there have been as many joys in the return to Korea as there were in reaching the homeland. I have wished that some of our friends who found it so difficult to understand our willingness to come back, who even pitied us because we must, could have been with us during the past few weeks. I think they could then have realized something of our joys in coming back to this our home in the far East.

It gave us a thrill of pleasure last year to see the waving corn and wheat fields and the towns with their straight, clean streets and neat homes in America, but the same kind of a thrill came as we again and again beheld the tiny rice fields, winding paths and straw thatched huts of Korea. It was "the joy of coming home."

As we rode through Korea on the train we had the joy of seeing friends at several places where the train stopped. The first to greet us was "Kim," a man who helped us both in language study in our early days and who is now a successful pastor at this important center. He and his old father, whom we have also known and loved, were at the station before five that morning, thinking we might have taken the night train from Fusan, and here they are again, 12 hours later, with the whole family, all beaming with joy at the sight of us. They have been praying for us all the time we were away and are now giving thanks to God because He has brought us safely back. A few stations farther on we met one of our fellow missionaries and later, two others and a

Korean preacher who has been one of our best friends and who makes us glad by his words of welcome.

We reached Seoul about 9 o'clock on a rainy night but there was a crowd of friends, Koreans and missionaries, folks whom we had taught and worked with and who had braved the dark and the rain to bid us welcome. The next morning others came, apologizing for not having been able to meet us at the station and expressing joy and thanks to God because we have come back "to work among our foolish people," as one student of English put it. And not only that first day, but for many following days they have come, men and women, students, pastors and teachers,—I did not know we had so many friends. But it has been a great and humbling joy to see how they love us and rejoice in our return.

Among those who came is the leader of the little church which we are to attend. We have never known the people there but he tells us they have been awaiting our coming and have been praying for us. Here too is our cook, ready to take up his work for us again in the same spirit of willingness and co-operation. He has walked many miles in the rain, sometimes in water several feet deep, in order to get here in time to help us with our unpacking and settling. And finally, after about two weeks, we are surprised by a visit from "Pak," a man with whom we were intimately associated during our life in Kongju and who has come all the way to Seoul to bid us welcome—a three days journey for a two hours visit.

There is also the joy of taking up again the work which we laid down and of feeling that we can do it better because of rest and study in the homeland. There is the joy of relieving the fellowworkers of a few of their heavy burdens, of fitting into vacant places where workers have been needed, the great joy of being in the place where we are sure our Lord wants us to be. All these things together make us very grateful that God has given to us the opportunity of helping to bring His kingdom to Korea.

HARRIET EVANS VAN BUSKIRK.

## THINGS KOREAN.

### I. A KOREAN BALAAM.

Kim, like too many other men, had no use for the Gospel simply because he did not want salvation. He preferred his sins, especially his frequent visits to the marketplace to spend the day drinking with his friends, and to reach home—he seldom knew how.

On the memorable day, as he rode his donkey into the marketplace, whom should he meet but that pestilential colporteur. Those words kept ringing in his ears all day: "The time of death is like the time when a man enters the prison gates, it's too late for repentance. Will it



be to-night? Who knows. Repent and believe to-day." Not even the hubbub of the marketplace could drown that sound. It so interfered with the indulgences of the day that Kim was able to mount his donkey without help. The innkeeper's wife made mental note of this fact.

Still there was something ringing in his ears besides the colporteur's words and by the time his donkey was slowly climbing the ascent circling the end of the hill that overhangs the river, Kim was fast asleep. His donkeyship knew by the dropped reins and the absence of the refrain: "Era, Era" that he was free to take his time and choose his road.

Half way up the slope was a hawthorn that grew at the edge of the road, horizontally out from the cliff, over the river. Now, I am told that there is nothing so sweet to Korean donkey lips as hawthorn leaves. One nibble led to another; those within reach having all been enjoyed, one forefoot went out upon the trunk and was soon followed by the other. What a treat and more just ahead! Soon even the hind feet were on the tree.

The absence of the swaying motion brought Kim back from dream-land. Opening his eyes he glanced down to the right and saw nothing but sky reflected in the river. He looked down to the left—nothing but white clouds, upwards—blue sky. "Where's the earth? Where am I? Have I died already and left the earth with no more chance to repent? Oh God, give me just one more chance on earth and I'll repent once for all, just one more day, O God."

The donkey, hearing an unusual wail from his master's lips, supposed he was being scolded for his forgetful self-indulgence and did what only a donkey could have done in that predicament—rose on his hindlegs, turned on the narrow trunk, planted his forefeet on the road and trotted up the hill.

Kim never knew how he stuck on during the performance but, clinging to the saddle, sobered yet with swimming head, he reached his home. Years afterwards when asked at a Bible conference to tell how he found his Savior he told this story and ended with: "So you see I am a Korean Balaam."

F. S. MILLER,  
Chungju, Korea.

## II. LONELY CHI.

Chi was the only Christian in his mountain village, in fact he had to go past several villages to find a Christian brother. He could not join the village farming guilds because that would mean working on Sabbath. He could not take part in the village feasts since that involved sacrificing to the mountain spirits. He was out of joint and the village felt it about as much as he.

So when Chi announced that his daughter was to be married, the Christians within ten miles said: "Let us—as many as can—attend the wedding or else it will be a lonely one for Chi. The unbelievers will not feel at home at a Christian wedding and he has an invalid wife."

It must have been a surprise, that morning, to the unbelievers to see thirty or more men and women coming from all directions into their little village. "Are there that many Christians in this valley?" they probably asked each other. Then came another surprise, a foreigner on his "of-itself-running-wheel." Chi's face beamed with joy and gratitude as he moved among his brothers and sisters and realized the meaning of Christian fellowship.

A few months after, a Japanese hunter saw a group of five boys in one of the village yards and—according to the account of Chi's grandson, who too evidently saw what transpired—he tried to scare the boys by aiming his gun at them. It went off and three of the boys were killed, one slightly wounded and Chi's grandson fell with eighteen pheasant shots in his face and body. They did not dare risk bringing him forty-seven miles over rough footpaths to the hospital so they used the antiseptic wash the nurse from the Japanese gendarmery gave them and waited to see whether he would live or die.

Three days after the accident, the missionary providentially paid an unexpected visit to a church three miles away, heard of the mishap and rode over. How surprised Chi looked as he opened the door and found the missionary in the yard! He uncovered the precious little body, showed all the cruel wounds and, between his sobs, told how it happened. We had prayer together and then visited the households whose boys had been shot and pointed them to the God of all comfort. I do not believe they will forget what was said to them under such circumstances and they certainly seemed to appreciate the calls.

Thanks to God, the boy recovered from the shock, all the wounds healed but two that suppurated and he is now in the Duncan Hospital and will be home in a few weeks. Dr. Tipton says. We hope and pray that these two experiences will result in more souls being saved in Chi's village, and, God willing, in a church being started there. At any rate the neighbors do not think Chi so lonely now.

F. S. MILLER,  
Chungju, Korea.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### I.

Dear Mr. DE CAMP:

I am glad if you think my poor contribution likely to prove of any use,—but please forgive me for insisting that you could have found a number of worse faults than the one you did,—I mean my calling myself "J. D. M."

Personally your objection makes me rather afraid that the article fails in its object. I think the old Korean custom of calling a woman, say,—“Insoo's Mother” a beautiful one, and I'm sorry to see it changed for “Maria” or “Chung Pueen” though these latter may be all very well for roll-call purposes and such. I would like to see the old custom of calling her **인슈어머님** preserved—until the content of the Korean

word *어머님* is as beautiful and rich as that of our own word "mother," as recognition of her rights and dignity as mother and woman are granted to her.

Fault is to be found with the old custom of depriving the grown girl of her name, and calling a wife 'So and so's house,'—but I don't think the custom of calling her 'So and so's mother' is in itself any evidence of the low esteem in which woman in Korea is held.

In writing as I did of the young widow, I hoped rather to stir some pity for her in that she—Suktaikie's Mother—is yet denied the rights of a mother—and the regard due to motherhood—which we of the West receive in such large measure. The widow is my house-maid, and though I call her many times a day it is always by her long name "Suktaikie's Mother" rather than "Sungeemie" because I hope for her that some day she may receive the respect and recognition which are her right as 'Suktaikie's Mother.'

Please forgive me for disagreeing. This note is not written for publication but for you.

With kindest regards to Mrs. DeCamp—(or rather your bairnies' mother,—because you're convinced now,)—and to the bonnie bairnies.

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

J. D. M.

P. S.—You need not publish this to punish me.

## II.

### FURTHER INFORMATION CONCERNING THE PAICHAH SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the KOREA MISSION FIELD,

Dear Sir;

Dr. Noble says,—in the November number of "K.M.F." Page 304;

"In my hand I hold the school badges of both institutions. I am not able to say how many of the entrance class wear the one and how many wear the other, as school is now closed and I have not access to the records. In the third year there were 22 students studying under the new charter and 20 studying under the old, in the fourth year 16 were studying under the old and 7 under the new."

This information is now available—The Keijo Hu, or Seoul Prefecture, has collated and printed the reports from all schools under its jurisdiction, as reported by the school authorities up to May 31st of this year. The pamphlet has just come to my desk, and it gives as the enrollment in the two schools, Paichai Haktang, 39, Paichai Higher Common School, 266.

Trusting that it is not too late for this to find a place in the Field.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

E. W. KOONS



## SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN MISSION IN KOREA, A PORTION OF THE REPORT OF KUNSAN STATION FOR THE YEAR 1916.

With gratitude to God for his unfailing kindness, we review the work of the past year.

According to appointment Prof. and Mrs. Venable left in March for their much needed furlough. Soon after that Miss Dupuy came to supply an urgent need as principal of The Mary Baldwin Girls' School, thereby liberating Miss Dysart for women's work in the country.

June 1st. Mr. and Mrs. Bull left for their well earned furlough.

The responsibilities of the absent ones fall heavily upon the shoulders of the remaining few, but we look forward to their soon returning invigorated for service.

The three branches of the work, the Medical, the Educational, and the Evangelistic, have gone on this year with fewer interruptions than usual.

### MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

The year has been one of almost constant toil and many pleasures.

Although there has been little to differentiate it from other years, there has been some progress along various lines, especially in the efficiency of the nurses, for which we are indebted to Miss Shepping.

Five nurses are being taught Japanese, Chinese, English, Materia Medica, Theory and Practice of Nursing, and Physiology by Miss Shepping, Mrs. Harrison and the Korean Staff.

Mr. Chung who has been first assistant for six years deserves special mention. He now treats fully one half the patients and does not a little surgery too.

War prices of medicines have often been alarming, but so far there have always been medicines for actual needs. At one time medicine, that sold for \$2.00 before the War, sold at \$25.00.

It has been difficult to emphasise the preaching of the Word as its importance demanded, but it is good to know that people are being lead to the Lord thru the hospital work and that there are some Japanese among them.

### THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

Our Educational Department consists of 12 Primary schools for boys, conducted by the Christians and the Mission conjointly and of a Primary school and Sub-Academy for girls with an Academy and Sub-Academy for boys conducted by the Mission. They all follow curricula required by the Government and have permits allowing religious instruction in the school.

The routine work of the year has gone without interruption except that a shortage of funds both Korean and Mission has hampered the management.

There are about 200 boys in the Primary schools, 62 pupils and 5 teachers in the Girls' School, and 74 pupils and 7 teachers in the Mission Boys' School. When Prof. Venable vacated the principalship of the Boys' School, by leaving on furlough, we were fortunate in having Prof. Linton to take up his work. Each year our school is getting nearer the high standard we hope to reach. Two of our six graduates this year received Senate diplomas and three of the other four failed, each in one study only, by passing the examination in which, they will be entitled to Senate diplomas.

The graduating class of the Sub-Academy is an unusually bright one of 15 boys. The requests for aid thru the Industrial Department have been more urgent this year than ever. Twenty-five boys have been aided thru school. For two pieces of work done by the boys of the Manual Training Department, a lunch box and a writing cabinet, which were sent to the Exposition in Seoul, we received a prize from the Government.

The Spirituality of the school is indicated first, by the Y.M.C.A. which has 70 members and meets for about two hours every Friday night; secondly, by the four Extension Sunday Schools which the boys control entirely; and thirdly, by their defraying all the expenses of a last year's graduate in a month's evangelistic trip to the island of Quelpart.

The Girls' School during the first part of the year was conducted by Miss Dysart, who cheerfully laid aside her country work to fill this breach till Miss Dupuy shall arrive.

Misses Dupuy and Shepping and Mrs. Harrison combined, taught 14 hours per week. There were 18 girls in the boarding department. The spirit of the school this spring has been excellent.

In the Needle Work Department superintended by Mrs. Harrison, 25 girls have learned a variety of fancy stitches, have added something to the working capital, and have received help to meet their incidental expenses; receipts from sales were 91.00 *yen*. There is about 25 *yen* worth of stock on hand. The "Button Factory" was transferred to our school by the new Principal, who hopes thus to give needy girls their entire support thru school.

Each girl returning to her home is to carry a large copy of the Korean syllabary and a letter from the school pledging her willingness to teach a class of women in reading and to help in the work of the church in any way she can. The good work of the school boys and girls is beginning to show in the country churches. At Mankai the boys' school teacher and his wife, both trained in our Mission schools, are doing much to stimulate interest in the church.

## THE EVANGELISTIC DEPARTMENT.

Population of the field 336,000.

Official workers: 3 foreign evangelists, 3 Mission helpers, 7 Korean paid helpers, and 3 Bible Society colporters. Official women workers were conspicuously absent till April 1st, when Miss Dysart was released from the school.

Number of churches and groups 62. Baptized membership about 1,700. Number added on confession of faith 93. Number of catechumens added 257. Number of infants baptized during the year 43.

One elder was examined ordained and installed and one elder was elected. The increased force and the larger opportunities have allowed more itineration in our field than for a number of years. Besides the ordinary visitation of the churches, special efforts have been made to revive the discouraged churches and to sow seed in uncultivated territory. Tho there are few gains to tabulate, the churches have been correspondingly strengthened and encouraged. In several places the Koreans have shown most commendable zeal. For instance the Hullie church, which a few years ago was weak and discouraged, has seen its congregation quadrupled in two years without any special outside aid. Under the leadership of a woman almost blind, the building has been enlarged without any foreign help; sixteen applicants stood a good examination for baptism, of whom six were illiterate widows from 47 to 70 years old, forty-seven catechumens were enrolled. The leader explained that there were no backsliders in a congregation of nearly 200 because if one was absent a single Sunday, some one went to ask the reason why. In parts of our field special emphasis has been laid upon Sunday Schools, a number of which are fairly well organized, while others are trying to perfect their organization.

The Bible Study classes were well attended this year.

Two hundred and thirty men were taught in six grades three hours a day for ten days and one hundred and seventy-five women were taught in five grades three hours daily for ten days.

The effort to care for their homes in their absence and to provide money, food, and clothing for the trip speaks volumes for the zeal of many. Others were prevented by poverty from attending at all.

The attendants were generally studious and devout. In conferences efforts were made to solve church problems, but special emphasis was put on the devotional meetings to deepen our spirituality.

For valuable aid in the men's class we are indebted to Dr. Swallen of the Northern Presbyterian Mission, and in the women's class to Miss Graham and Mrs. Parker.

Members of the station assisted in the Men's and the Women's Bible Institute at Chunju. The attendance of men from our field was good, but that of the women was light.

Ten country Bible Classes were held for five days each, for men. Five classes were held for women. Sixty women attended the class at Hullie church tho the busy farming season had already come.



The Christians are exhibiting a degree of fortitude and devotion that speaks well for the future of the Korean Church. To understand the lapses that have occurred, we must remember the trials that the Christians have to endure. The problem of existence becomes more perplexing as the development of the country proceeds.

The more rice the country produces the less there seems to be under ordinary circumstances for the poor people to eat.

Tho our foreign force will be reduced during the coming year; under the blessing of God, thru the more zealous and effective efforts of the Christians, we are expecting larger results.

Respectfully submitted in behalf of Kunsan Station by,

W. B. HARRISON.

## NOTES AND PERSONALS.

A daughter, Eleanor Rebecca, was born to Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Gerdine, in Seoul, December 6th, 1916.

A daughter, Margaret Carol was born the 14th of December to Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Hirst, of Severance Hospital, Seoul.

Miss Mary A. DeCamp the younger of the two sisters of the editor of the "K.M.F." is spending the winter with her brother's family in Seoul. Having decided to visit the Orient Miss DeCamp wrote that she was coming chiefly to see the lambs while they were yet lambs meaning her brother's five young children three of whom she had never seen.

A very pleasant letter was recently received from Mrs. Ada Hamilton Clark of Chungju, now of Covington, Ky, in which she says, "We are having a glorious furlo not the least of the pleasure being in telling of our work. I have been wanting to write a letter for publication but as yet have not found the opportunity. We enjoy reading the "Korea Mission Field" on this side of the water as much as on the other and wish for its Editor and all contributors a most successful new year. Mr. Clark is taking post graduate work in the University of Cincinnati with much pleasure and profit to himself. We are trying to get abreast of the times and to be more fully equipped for the work, in every way, when we return." N.B.; One of the attractive features of the note was the inclosure of four new subscriptions for the KOREA MISSION FIELD. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

The very attractive and commodious Japanese Methodist Church, located opposite the Belgian Consulate, in Seoul, was dedicated December 11th, 1916. The church was thronged, Bishops Harris and Welch participating in the varied and interesting exercises which lasted three hours. The church with equipment cost 16,465 *yen* and has been paid for with the exception of 965 *yen*. The first service held in Seoul by Japanese Methodists was in 1905 and the present membership of the church is 208. The building of the church represents sacrifice on the part of members and supplemental loyalty of friends and for the results achieved the Society is to be commended and congratulated.

In a letter written Oct. 12th, 1916, Rev. D. M. McRae regrets that he has so long been prevented from returning to his work in Korea and ardently hopes in a few months more to realize his longing.

Word has been received from Rev. and Mrs. B. R. Lawton to the effect that after two months visiting in Minnesota and Wisconsin together with a little public speaking they have settled in Evanston, Illinois, (2005 Pratt Court.)

It is pleasant to note reciprocity of effort between the Government and the Missionaries. An arrangement has been entered into whereby Japanese sick who are deprived of medical aid through want, are to be sent to the Japanese hospitals of Seoul and Korean sick in need of aid, for the same reason, are to be sent to the Severance Hospital where the actual cost of their treatment will be freely borne by the Government. In consequence of this arrangement the partitions in the lower story of Severance Hospital are to be removed, windows are to be cut down and an entirely new arrangement of the quarters made for the accommodation of beds, etc., for the many ailing poor who have entered this open door. In addition to the cost of renovation and rearrangement, will be the cost of purchase and equipment of beds each one of which will entail an expense of 25 *yen*. Learning of this good work several of the missionaries have assumed the cost of a bed. We understand that the way is still open for anyone who may feel inclined to participate in this good work.

Mr. Horace Horton Underwood and Miss Ethel Van Wagoner were married on the sixth of December at Brooklyn, New York.

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